



STIMMUNG:  cheerful

MUSIK: Kiss - Ch'ak Hage Salja



K
 **oldjournalk**

<http://oldjournalk.livejournal.com/>

 **dgray_man**

<http://dgray-man.livejournal.com/>

2007-10-31 00:17:00

The 49th Name Translation Part 1

After finishing my translation of A Thousand Tragedies, I decided to start translating the hell long Rabi story central to the second D. Gray-man novel. If I continue translating it, I'll be doing so in sections of approximately 20 pages.

Again, if you have comments, suggestions, or critiques concerning the translation, please let me know! My translation can certainly use improvement.

Here's the first 20 pages of "The 49th Name." In addition to our star, Rabi, it features France, plot exposition laborers, and a certain novel-original Finder who you may have heard of.

Edit: I apologize for the sucky image quality, but here are the first few novel illustrations appearing in A Thousand Tragedies and the portion below that I translated: [Earl's chapter cover](http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/DGMR2001.jpg) (<http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/DGMR2001.jpg>), [Rabi's chapter cover](http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/Reverse2001.jpg) (<http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/Reverse2001.jpg>), and [the first insert illustration](http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/Rabi1001-1.jpg). (<http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/Rabi1001-1.jpg>) Upon request, here's a sample page of the Japanese text, [the first two pages of The 49th Name](http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/RabiText.jpg). (<http://i237.photobucket.com/albums/ff241/Kkamagwi/RabiText.jpg>) Scan quality is poor, hopefully I'll get a program that can resize files decently on this laptop sometime. :/

D. Gray-man Reverse 2

By Kizaki Kaya

The 49th Name

Running a hand over his flame-like red hair, the boy slowly closed his left eye, the one not concealed by an eyepatch.

In that instant, the darkness arrived.

In the lightless, pitch-black world, a grave voice asked, "Who are you?"

The boy quietly answered within his heart. *The one who will succeed the Bookman.*

“Who is the Bookman?”

The Bookman is a spectator to history, and its chronicler. He records the secret history of the world and passes it on to future generations.

The Bookman's role was to travel to every place in existence, lingering in no one location, but wandering, to emblazon history on his vision and record what he'd seen.

“What must a Bookman be like?”

He must not become attached or be controlled by emotion. He speaks with all kinds of people, then leaves as if nothing has happened.

Emotion was unnecessary to chroniclers. They need only record things as they are, without getting their emotions mixed in.

“I will ask you this once. Who are you?”

The Bookman's successor. I take on a new name each time I go somewhere new, and discard it each time I leave.

Right now I'm also an Exorcist of the Black Order. My current name is—

“Rabi!”

Rabi opened his left eye to see an old man of small stature in loose Chinese-style clothes standing in the doorway. The old man's sparse hair was gathered at the crown of his head, and his sharp eyes, which held a strange luster, were surrounded by black makeup. Although his strange appearance would draw anyone's eye, he possessed an innate air that let him effortlessly blend in anywhere.

The old man was the current Bookman. And Rabi's master.

“We have work. Start preparing for departure.”

It seemed that the Black Order had contacted them about a new mission.

A fierce battle over the fate of the world was presently unfolding between the Millennium Earl, who was trying to lead the world to destruction, and the Black Order, a military body under the direct control of the Vatican. Rabi was in the Black order as an Exorcist, along with his master, so that the Bookman could record the secret workings of history.

Exorcists were the only ones who could counter Akuma, the weapons the Millennium Earl made to destroy mankind. Exorcists were chosen by the mysterious matter called Innocence, which they could control. Because Innocence was also called “God's crystals,” Exorcists were sometimes known as “God's apostles.”

God's messenger, huh? It doesn't suit me. Rabi smiled faintly.

"What is it, Rabi?"

"Oh, nothing."

There were no more than twenty Exorcists in the Black Order at present. They were sent out all over the world without a moment's rest.

Rabi shrugged into the black uniform that was the sign of an Exorcist. When he wore this uniform, he became an Exorcist. Although he remained the Bookman's apprentice in truth. "Now then, where to this time?"

"France."

*

A boy with a slight build stared unmoving in a single direction, letting the wind toy with his black hair. Not a single stain marred his white uniform, as if showing the purity of his heart. His back straight, he watched the entrance to town intently, like a loyal dog waiting for his master to return.

"He sure hasn't changed..." Rabi said under his breath as he watched the boy from afar.

The boy's name was Doug. He was in the Black Order as a Finder, charged with gathering information. Doug, who had come to Elysee, a town very close to Paris, to investigate uncanny rumors, had determined that there was a high probability an Akuma was involved, and requested Exorcists' support from the Black Order. That's what had brought Rabi and his master rushing out.

"What is it, Rabi?" Beside Rabi, the Bookman had stopped suddenly and was looking up at him questioningly.

"Old man, you wait here for a sec." Having called his master an old man, Rabi snuck towards Doug.

Finders traveled the world seeking information about Innocence and the Millennium Earl, a job that came with constant dangers. No few Finders had fallen after coming into contact with an Akuma.

In other words, Doug's nerves must be stretched taught, since he was in the middle of a mission. Rabi gently grasped the hammer that was his weapon. The hammer, which could grow or shrink at will, grew visibly larger.

Perhaps sensing something, Doug turned swiftly. His blue eyes opened wide. "Rabi!"

Rabi swung his hammer down the moment Doug spoke. He felt it hit.

"Ow!"

Rabi grinned at Doug, who was clutching his head with an expression of pain. “Doug, carelessness is forbidden! If you call yourself a Finder, you’ve always got to watch your back.”

“That was mean,” said Doug. “We meet for the first time in a long while, and suddenly you do this?”

“Sorry, sorry. You know, if you shrink any more, you’ll look like a grade schooler.”

There was a fifteen centimeter difference in height between Rabi and Doug, who stood at a mere 162 centimeters. Or, in the British reckoning, a difference of six inches, with Doug five foot three. Rabi looked down at Doug and patted his head, at which Doug glared back. However, there was little force behind his glare. Not with Doug’s round-eyed child’s face.

“You’re sure dense for a Finder.” Rabi was patting Doug’s shoulder and laughing when he sensed a baleful presence behind him.

“Ha!”

Rabi had no time to turn around, but took a forceful kick to the back and went head over heels.

“Stop fooling around, foolish pupil. We have to start working.”

Rabi rolled like a poorly spun top until he smacked into a wall. He stood up covered in dust. “You didn’t have to kick me!” he yelled in protest. But the Bookman was no longer even looking in his direction. Rabi gazed reproachfully at the Bookman and Doug, who were facing each other.

“It’s been a long time, Bookman.” Standing tall and straight, Doug bowed his head deeply.

The Bookman nodded slightly in acknowledgement. “It has been awhile, Doug. I’m glad to see you’re doing well.”

“You’re doing the best of all, old man,” muttered Rabi disconsolately as he brushed off his uniform.

“At any rate, you must be tired from your long journey,” said Doug. “Why don’t you dine in a nearby tavern while I report the results of my investigation.”

Rabi gazed intently at the retreating Doug. Perfect posture and unwavering footsteps. He really hadn’t changed at all since then.

No, that wasn’t true. Just a moment ago, he’d had an unworried expression and acted without reserve. When they’d first met, Doug would barely meet Rabi’s eyes. Now that seemed like the distant past.

While Rabi was reminiscing, Doug turned around. Narrowing his eyes, he gazed at Rabi. “You’re a little different, Rabi.”

For a moment, Rabi thought Doug had read his mind. “Huh? How so?”

Doug broke into a smile, and his eyes were kind. “Now you actually meet my eyes when we talk.”

“ ... ”

Rabi recalled what Doug had said to him when Rabi had first entered the Order.

“Your eye is like glass. It reflects me, but that’s all. Nothing reaches inside.”

That must have been over a year ago.

Rabi looked down at his uniform. At some point, it had become an everyday matter for him to wear this uniform.

“This is the second time we’ve worked together, then. I look forward to it, Rabi.” Doug’s smile was as bright as a sunflower in summer.

“Yeah, same here.”

Doug smiled happily.

He sure is easy to read, thought Rabi.

Right now, Doug’s expression was filled with trust towards Rabi. It enveloped Rabi with a warmth greater than that of the sun, moving from the peak of the sky to the horizon.

*

“How long has that rumor been going around?” Rabi raised his voice to keep from being drowned out.

It wasn’t even evening yet, but the tavern on the town’s main street was crowded with men who seemed to be craftsmen. It was so crowded that the slightest movement would jostle one’s neighbor. Pipe smoke and the smell of roasting meat filled the tavern, and, mixed with the sound of men’s laughing and talking, made the place swell with a fevered excitement that seemed as if it would explode at any movement.

Perhaps accustomed to it, Doug reflexively spoke in a loud voice, unfazed. “Let’s place our orders first. Is there something you’d like to eat?”

At Doug’s question, the Bookman shook his head. “No, you choose something.”

“I’m starving over here, so I’ll take anything with volume!” yelled Rabi, elbowing the Bookman aside. For a while now he’d been so hungry he’d had trouble walking.

Doug laughed and nodded, then spoke to a young woman who'd come to take their order. "What would you recommend today?"

"We have beef simmered in wine. How about a side of potatoes and kidney beans boiled in salt with that?"

Rabi's mouth began to water just hearing her. "That sounds delicious! Five of that, then!" Considering the state of his stomach, that seemed about right.

"Five!?" came Doug's voice.

Rabi smiled at him reassuringly. "Don't worry, I'll eat all of it!"

"Really? Well then, we'll also have bread and blue cheese. And mineral water in bottles."

Before long, their food was brought out. Bringing their glasses together slightly, Doug began speaking.

"The rumors I mentioned began one or two months ago. At this point even the town's children know them. However, it's unclear where they originated."

A strange rumor had been going around this town of Elysee, situated northwest of Paris. According to the rumor, if you prayed to the "Statue of the Dawn Goddess" within the forest on the outskirts of town, one who had died would miraculously come back to life.

Rabi considered the reports he'd heard at the Order as he tore off pieces of bread and steadily popped them in his mouth. The fresh-baked bread was crisp on the outside, but soft on the inside, making it smooth on the tongue.

"Have you gone to see this supposed goddess statue?"

At the Bookman's question, Doug took on a downcast expression and shook his head. "My apologies. I asked as many people as I could, but I've yet to find anyone who knows its precise location. I've also gone into the forest to search for it, but there are a number of scattered overgrown gardens that could contain the goddess statue, and I can't identify which statue is the one."

"I see....However, you've called us Exorcists. You must have found something related to Innocence and the Millennium Earl?" asked the Bookman.

"Yes. Without a doubt, there's something going on in this town. That is, an unusual number of people have gone missing in the past month."

"Which is?"

"Fourteen, and those are just the ones I've confirmed myself," said Doug.

“Which comes to approximately one person every two days...” said the Bookman.

“Besides, that’s just counting the residents of Elysee. Since it’s so close to Paris, people are always coming and going. It could be that other people, not just residents of Elysee, are vanishing. The truth is, I’ve heard numerous stories of visitors leaving their lodgings without telling anyone and never coming back.”

“I see...” said the Bookman with a thoughtful expression.

Rabi watched him intently, still ceaselessly moving food to his mouth. The beef, well-simmered, was tender. Rabi lost himself in the faint scent of the wine, and the flavor that filled his mouth.

Trying to spear another piece with his fork, Rabi’s hand slipped.

Oh damn.

The piece of meat sent flying smacked into the Bookman’s face.

Rabi tried to apologize, but it was too late. The Bookman’s fist hit the top of Rabi’s head at the speed of light. The force was enough to make Rabi see stars.

“You are too much. Are you even listening!?” roared the Bookman, plucking off the meat slipping down his face in annoyance.

Clutching his head, Rabi looked at the Bookman reproachfully. *He moves so fast. I have no time to apologize or dodge.* “Damn geezer!”

“Did you say something?” The look in the Bookman’s eyes as he turned to glare at Rabi was quite frightening.

Rabi straightened up. “I was too listening! He was saying how a lot of people have disappeared, right? But this town’s so close to Paris so wouldn’t a lot of guys be casually heading out for fun or work? The circumstances don’t seem that suspicious to me.”

“Hmm...” said the Bookman.

It was common knowledge that, for a number of years, people from the country and foreigners from Germany and other countries had been surging in in search of work, abruptly swelling the population of Paris. Rabi’s remark was right on target, and the Bookman fell silent.

Doug said, “It’s certainly possible that all those things are unrelated to this case. However, I heard another rumor that can’t be ignored.”

“What?” asked Rabi.

Doug started to open his mouth, but instead glanced at the adjacent table. “Perfect...please listen to the conversation of men next to us for a moment.”

The two men—who seemed to be fellow laborers—spoke loudly, and it wasn’t hard to overhear them.

“Oh yeah, you hear that Dreselle guy was wandering around in the middle of the night?”

“Dreselle?” The young man, who looked to be about twenty, looked at the older man with a stupefied expression.

The well-built older man, who seemed to be the leader, nodded. He had sharp eyes and a strong sense of presence. “It’s no wonder you don’t know, seeing as you’ve just left the sticks. I’m talkin’ about the richest guy in town. Jerome Dreselle. One o’ them ‘bourgeoisie.’ He’s in the business of tailoring suits for gentlemen, and made loads of money. Besides his huge mansion, he’s got a summer home—he’s livin’ in style. There’s a guy who lives in a different world than guys like us, livin’ in a cramped attic room and workin’ for a living.”

“What a lucky guy...I sew ten hours a day and feel lucky when I finally come by a decent meal.” The young man sighed deeply.

“Y’know, I wouldn’t call him lucky. I hear his wife died a month ago, and he shut himself in his mansion and never came out.”

A month ago. Rabi involuntarily glanced at Doug. Doug nodded silently.

“But I heard he walks aimlessly around town at night,” said the young worker. “I wonder what’s going on.”

“And his only son isn’t the reliable sort, either.”

“Serge, you mean. He was this close to his mother, so for awhile there he went mad. He’d get drunk and stagger about town, but sounds like he finally calmed down.”

“Sounds like no more than some idiot son whose only talent is squanderin’ money away.” The older man laughed scornfully.

“They don’t have as many servants now either. Now there’s only that small maid they say came from Paris.”

“Oh, that girl? She’s got an even more severe look on her face, too, since the wife died,” remarked the older man.

“There’s a kid who never acted like a child. Now when I pass her on the street, I’m too scared to speak to her.” He faked a frightened expression, and the people around him laughed.

“Women are scary even when they’re small.”

Doug glanced sidelong at the laughing men, and said “As you can see, the rumor is spreading through town. A month ago, Jerome Dreselle lost his wife and shut himself in his room. It seems his son Serge was quite out of control. Furthermore, although I became aware of this just now, there’s also been a change in the maid. Just before or after the incident, rumors began of a “Statue of the Dawn Goddess” that brings the dead back to life. Factor in the many missing persons, and is it unnatural to link these three points to Akuma?”

Akuma were malevolent weapons forged from tragedies.

The Millennium Earl and his messengers brought sweet temptation to mourners who had lost a loved one. Clinging to the jest that they could bring the dead back to life, the mourner called the dead one’s name—and everything went straight to hell.

The soul called back by a loved one is imprisoned in a skeleton made from Dark Matter, then forces itself in to the body of the one who called it back. It’s the worst possible outcome: nobody is saved, neither the dead person nor the one who called them back.

What’s left has been reduced to the Earl’s toy, one of his killing machines, and Akuma. Even worse, in a wicked touch, the Akuma is unrecognizable as such because it wears human skin.

The Bookman nodded slightly. “The wife’s death, a household that has lost a loved one, and rumors of a dead person being brought back to life. Not to mention a great many people gone missing—everything started a month ago. Let us go to the crux of the rumors, the Dreselle mansion, first.”

“Thank you,” said Doug.

The Bookman stood and looked sharply at Rabi. “Rabi.”

“I know.” Rabi set down his fork and looked up at the Bookman.

In light of the information they’d heard so far, there was a good chance of an Akuma being close to Jerome. The visit to his mansion could turn into a battle. Meaning Rabi must not relax his guard.

Man, the panda is such a worrywart. Rabi smiled wryly as he looked at the black makeup bordering the Bookman’s eyes. *I won’t slip up. I know that anyone could be an Akuma, anytime, anywhere.*

Rabi felt the depths of his mind becoming clear.

“Well then, let’s go,” declared the Bookman.

Doug nodded to him and stood.

Nerves on edge, the three of them left the still-bustling tavern.

"It's this way. You'll be able to tell when we're close."

Under Doug's direction, Rabi's group headed towards Jerome Dreselle's mansion.

"I see..." Rabi murmured without thinking.

He certainly could tell they were close. They'd come in sight of a section distinctly different from the streets they'd been walking through. Visible in the center of the row of plain, wood-frame buildings that lined the street was an arched gate, shining golden in the setting sun. Rabi could make out the elegant ornamentation done in a plant motif.

"What a spectacular mansion....!" Rabi exclaimed in admiration once they stood before the gate.

A grand mansion that looked to have seen a fair number of years rose imposingly in the center of a spacious garden with statues placed here and there. Like the gate, the doors and window frames bore elaborately wrought designs, making the mansion so impressive as to overwhelm the viewer.

When they rang the doorbell next to the gate, a slightly built girl came out of the mansion. She wore a white apron over a long navy-blue dress. A maid's outfit. This must be the girl mentioned in the bar.

The girl slowly approached the gate, making her chestnut-colored hair, gathered in two pigtails, sway. Her face held no childlike innocence, only a tense severity.

"Who might you be?" the girl asked coldly from the other side of the latticed gate. Her large brown eyes were filled with suspicion.

"We're envoys from the Vatican. Are you the maid of this mansion?" Doug asked gently. How like the earnest Doug to show perfect sincerity even to a child.

"Yes, I am," replied the girl without averting her eyes from Doug.

Although it's what he'd imagined, on second glance she was truly young and small.

"How old are you?" Rabi asked unthinkingly. She was shorter than the Bookman, her limbs as delicate as a tree's. The girl before them couldn't be more than eight.

"I'm ten, but tomorrow I'll be eleven. What business might you have here?" the girl replied indifferently. Behind her firm, dignified manner was a force that would cause even adults to falter. Certainly, as the men in the tavern had said, she was quite strong for her age.

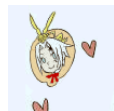
"We wish to meet with Jerome Dreselle..."

"The master is not well. He is not seeing anyone," the girl said flatly, without hesitation. It was clear

from her tone that she'd already been through this exchange countless times. "Please leave. Now, if you will excuse me." On that note, the girl turned her back without asking why they'd come.

Happy Halloween!

67 comments



 **niwakaame**

31 Oktober 2007, 08:02:33 UTC COLLAPSE

Thank you so much for this! S'awesome, especially how it enables us to be in the characters' head. And now we know what's up with Rabi' name~.



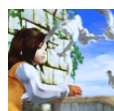
 **oldjournalk**

1 November 2007, 03:03:30 UTC COLLAPSE

You're welcome!

Yeah, and we know what his 48th name was because of the manga, but I wonder what the other 47 were. And what his birth name was.

 **zed_azrael** 8 years ago AUSKLAPPEN



 **ryuuseisui**

31 Oktober 2007, 08:10:43 UTC COLLAPSE

This is awesome. Thanks so much for sharing your translation! :D



 **oldjournalk**

1 November 2007, 03:04:02 UTC COLLAPSE

Thanks for reading!



 **arivess**

31 Oktober 2007, 08:16:45 UTC COLLAPSE

Ooh, thank you! Very glad to read Lavi's story. ❤

amused Seems like Lavi was the food champion before Allen came along, eh? XD;

I caught a few errors, but I think they're probably typos...

1) "Or, in the English reckoning, a difference of six centimeters, with Doug five foot three." I'm assuming it's supposed to be inches...?

2) "He really had changed at all since then." Wouldn't it be "hadn't"? Since that's what Lavi thought earlier on.



[oldjournalk](#)

[31 Oktober 2007, 08:49:52 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Oops! Thanks for catching those.

Fixed 'em now. :)



[subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)



[meru_neko](#)

[31 Oktober 2007, 09:38:06 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Thank you so much~! Your translation is greatly appreciated since Lavi's my fav chara it's nice to be given this perspective/his side of story. ^^



[oldjournalk](#)

[1 November 2007, 03:06:02 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Glad to hear it. His story does allow us a glimpse into his thoughts.



[subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)



[oldjournalk](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)



[subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)



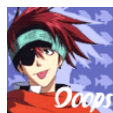
[bookman_junior](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)



[subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)



[oldjournalk](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)



[nall_necolle](#)

[31 Oktober 2007, 13:51:23 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)



THANK YOU SOOOOOOOOOOOOOO MUCH!!!!!! *O*



[oldjournalk](#)

[1 November 2007, 03:07:00 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

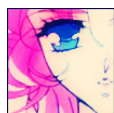
Thanks for reading! <3



[sweetening](#)

[31 Oktober 2007, 15:04:21 UTC](#) [COLLAPSE](#)

Ohhh thank you. * _____ * What a wonderful thing to wake up to.



[oldjournalalk](#)

1 November 2007, 03:15:40 UTC

COLLAPSE

Happy to bring it to you. :)

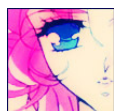


[militsa](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 15:34:31 UTC

COLLAPSE

Oooh...thank you! I am so pining for more Lavi-canon...I will definitely read whatever you translate of this.

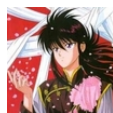


[oldjournalalk](#)

1 November 2007, 03:17:39 UTC

COLLAPSE

More canon is good. And I hope to translate more of this story.



[subaru_san](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 15:58:33 UTC

COLLAPSE

This is cool! Would you happen to have raw scans of the second novel too? ^_^ Or if not, might you know where I could find some?

Cynthia



[oldjournalalk](#)

1 November 2007, 02:57:07 UTC

COLLAPSE

Do you mean scans of Hoshino's illustrations, or scans of every page of the novel? If it's the first one, I can scan and post them. (I remember seeing scans of the illustrations somewhere, way back when, but I can't for the life of me remember where.) If it's the second one, no, I have the novel itself. If you want the Japanese novel, you may be able to order it through Kinokuniya or Sasugabooks.

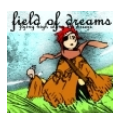
[subaru_san](#) 8 years ago AUSKLAPPEN

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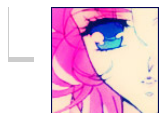


[vicious_timmy](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 16:16:27 UTC

COLLAPSE

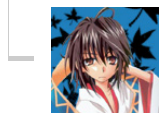
thank you so much! do you mind if i post a link to this on mh? i'll credit of course ^.^

 [oldjournalk](#)[31 Oktober 2007, 18:28:04 UTC](#)[COLLAPSE](#)

Of course! Go ahead. :)

 [animegoil](#)[31 Oktober 2007, 16:37:48 UTC](#)[COLLAPSE](#)

Pardon the ignorance, but-- D.gray man novels? As in, written out, not mangas? I didn't know those existed. And they're Lavi-centric? I'm very confused as to -what- exactly, this is. And is a Thousand Tragedies something along those lines as well?

 [kairei_chan](#)[31 Oktober 2007, 18:08:04 UTC](#)[COLLAPSE](#)

Yes, there are 2 official novels for D.Gray-man. The first one contains 3 stories:

- 1.) Allen's story.
- 2.) Kanda's story.
- 3.) Bak's story.

The first and second story have been animated in the anime series, though slightly changed. The third... who knows? Maybe they will do it later. :-P

This Lavi's one is from the 2nd novel. Along with The Millennium Earl's one and the Black Order Party (3rd story). For more infos, read Wikipedia. :-)

[subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

[kairei_chan](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

[subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

[kairei_chan](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

 [usagi_chemist](#)[31 Oktober 2007, 17:51:57 UTC](#)[COLLAPSE](#)

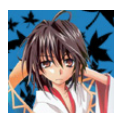
Thank you so much! <3 For this you win the internets!!

 [oldjournalk](#)[1 November 2007, 03:18:36 UTC](#)[COLLAPSE](#)

Hurrah!

I love how everyone is breaking out their Rabi icons for their comments on this. :3

[usagi_chemist](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

 [kairei_chan](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 18:10:24 UTC COLLAPSE

Thanks for the long-awaited translation! ^o^ Oh and... Happy Halloween! >:D



 [oldjournalnk](#)

1 November 2007, 07:14:47 UTC COLLAPSE

Thanks for reading!

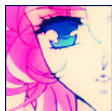


 [grifstar](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 20:05:18 UTC COLLAPSE

Very interesting to read.. =P

I hopes you get the rest up soon D:



 [oldjournalnk](#)

1 November 2007, 07:16:12 UTC COLLAPSE

It probably won't be soon (this is gonna be a busy month for me -.-;) but I intend to translate more of it. :D



 [vector_nyu](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 21:13:10 UTC COLLAPSE

&hearts!!!



 [oldjournalnk](#)

1 November 2007, 07:17:38 UTC COLLAPSE

:)

(Cute happy Rabi. <3)



 [serene_artist](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 22:37:54 UTC COLLAPSE

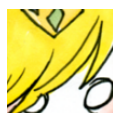
Thanks you so much!!'ve been searching and waiting everywhere for this! Really appreciate your hard work and can't wait for the next 20 pages! Happy Halloween!



 [oldjournalnk](#)

1 November 2007, 07:20:03 UTC COLLAPSE

Thanks for the appreciation! Glad you enjoyed it. :)



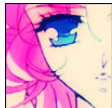
 [willowchan](#)

31 Oktober 2007, 22:43:07 UTC COLLAPSE

This is really good. There's one small thing I'm wondering about.

I think you mean that Lavi wouldn't meet eyes with the guy, not the guy with Lavi.. right? Because the guy talks about how Lavi now actually looks at him.

This is the best translation I've seen.

 [oldjournalnk](#)
 1 November 2007, 07:32:24 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

High praise...!

It's actually correct the way I have it. Lavi's musing about how Doug didn't used to meet his eyes when Doug says that Lavi's changed because he looks Doug in the eye properly now. Lavi's "... is because Doug just said about him what he was thinking about Doug.

However, I think Doug meant not that Lavi wasn't looking him in the eye, but that Doug didn't really register in Lavi's sight. (Lavi's eye just "reflected" him.) Because Lavi's the sort who would look people in the eye, but who might be detached from them because he's the Bookman's successor and all. I probably should have tried to rephrase Doug's line to better convey that meaning. *rambles*

Anyway, thanks for the feedback, though! It could easily have been a mistake.

 [willowchan](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

 [subaru_san](#)
 1 November 2007, 04:52:17 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

So what other stories are in this novel? There's something about the Millenium Earl, isn't there?

Cynthia

 [oldjournalnk](#)
 1 November 2007, 07:41:29 UTC [COLLAPSE](#)

There's a short story about the Millennium Earl told in a fairy tale manner, the long central story which is a serious one about Rabi, and a humorous story about a party at the Black Order.

I translated the first story and posted it earlier in October.

 [subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

 [oldjournalnk](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

 [subaru_san](#) 8 years ago [AUSKLAPPEN](#)

**dragonspeaker**2 November 2007, 01:22:32 UTCCOLLAPSE

Thank you so much for posting this. <3

**oldjournalk**4 November 2007, 02:46:03 UTCCOLLAPSE

Thank you for reading. :)

**bookman_junior**2 November 2007, 07:01:02 UTCCOLLAPSE

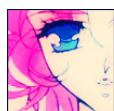
Thank you so much for this!!!

**oldjournalk**4 November 2007, 02:46:21 UTCCOLLAPSE

You're welcome!

**sillyrabitricks**2 November 2007, 17:51:42 UTCCOLLAPSE

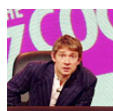
EEEE! Thanks!!! I been wanting this so badly! ♥

**oldjournalk**4 November 2007, 02:46:41 UTCCOLLAPSE

Thanks! I'm happy I could bring it to you. :)

**sayora347**4 November 2007, 05:56:42 UTCCOLLAPSE

dances Love!!!!!!!!!!

**crossfires**4 November 2007, 16:07:53 UTCCOLLAPSE

♥ Thanks for translating and sharing 8D

**Lenalee Youkai Lee**31 Januar 2012, 11:10:19 UTCCOLLAPSE

^ ^ ^ ^ Pretty cool story

very well told

^ _ ^

<3



Anonymous

15 Juli 2012, 10:22:07 UTC

COLLAPSE

Thank you so much for sharing.

I was searching for quite a while, for getting to read that story in a language I'm able to understand

^^



justabookman

12 Dezember 2014, 02:20:51 UTC

COLLAPSE

Thank you so much for translating this!